The Little Vagabond

Does Mother, dear Mother the Church is cold,
But the Ale-house is healthy & pleasant & warm:
Besides I can tell where I am us'd well,
Such usage in heaven will never do well,
But if at the Church they would give us some Ale,
And a pleasant fire our souls to regale;
We'd sing and we'd pray all the live-long day:
Nor ever once wish from the Church to stray.

Then the Parson might preach & drink & sing,
And we'd be as happy as birds in the spring:
And modest dame Lurch, who is always at Church,
Would not have bandy children nor fasting nor birch,
And God like a father rejoicing to see,
His children as pleasant & happy as he:
Would have no more quarrel with the Devil or the Barrel
But kiss him & give him both drink and apparel.